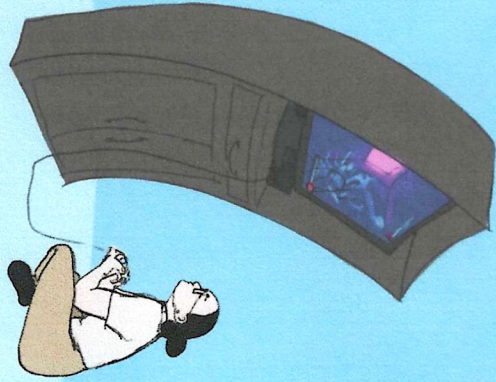
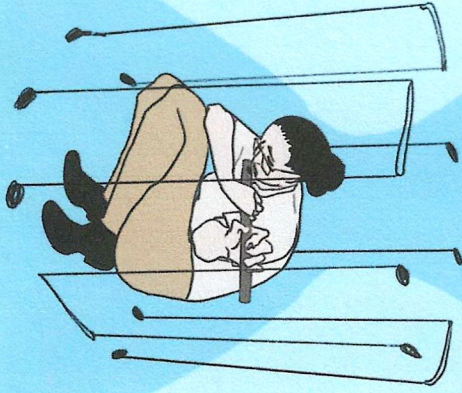


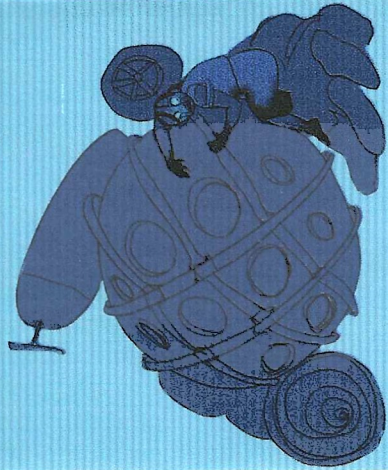
Of course, I escaped when I could. Video games and art and music. The games, of course, stuck a little closer to home, they were the story's that you had to live through to hear of them. I couldn't tear myself away.



I didn't match the catalog. I clearly wasn't their idea of a woman. I was an outlier, so I was left out of the equation. Isolated, I played what they wanted me to play, living in fear that they'd find out my secret.



The thing with other peoples stories, however, is that they end in the way you don't want them to. I wanted the characters I loved to be happy. I wanted to see them fulfilled in a way I couldn't. So I wrote new endings for my favorite games. And then, like any young outcast, I threw those bad boys up on the internet.



I was greeted with admiration and joy. Words of respect and gratitude of the likes I've only dreamed of. There were people who enjoyed my drivel, my garbage happy stories.



And sometimes still, I return to my old stuff, I reread it, and I look over the reviews. I remember how it felt to be wanted at a time when I was treated like garbage.



Sad
Boy
Club
Baba Yaga

Those feelings make me want to write like nothing else ever has.

It gives me this desire to create, to shape things that other people may find refuge in.